

# THE MEREDITH MAGAZINE.

NO. 153.

VOL. III.

MEREDITH, N. H., SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1883.

## LONG, LONG AGO.

I met him, oh, my darling,  
Of a spring-time long ago,  
With the buds of green and shimmering  
leaves  
Of the orchard's blossomed snow.  
The buds of the hawthorn lay  
A carpet beneath our feet,  
And we pledged our vows, "neath the fresh  
green Yew-tree."  
Of that opening spring-time sweet,  
I meet him, oh, my darling,  
Of a spring-time long ago,  
With the dreams of love, and the sky above  
Laughing down in a golden glow,  
You walked in your bridal dress,  
The orange-blossoms twined in your hair,  
Mid the spring-time bloom and its fairy loom  
To the church on the hill-side there.  
I meet him, oh, my darling,  
Of a spring-time long ago,  
With its trilling bird, and my weary heart  
Heard  
"Nestle, its drift of frozen snow."  
I followed with weary feet,  
Nor buds of the hawthorn fair,  
On the green earth's breast we laid you to  
rest,  
By the church on the hill-side there.  
I know in a fabled spring-time  
Thou dost walk with untiring feet,  
Death's river flows near, and I do not fear  
To cross in its shallow fleet.  
God willed for a little while  
We should part for a brief, sad space—  
I look for a spring that will sunshine bring,  
And the light of your happy face.  
—*Maria Freeman in Godley's Lady's Book.*

## FLOWER AND LEAF.

Sometimes, when the wheat is scattered  
Broadcast 'er the farmer's acres,  
Clover seed is mingled with it,  
And, when winter melts to spring-time  
And the spring has warmed to summer  
And the yellow grass is garnered,  
Scattered by the waving roots  
Of the harvest reaper before it,  
Mid the stubble springs the clover.  
So, O poet of the passions!  
Of the strange cosmic senses!  
You are but the spicer clover,  
Sweet and rich and dorying clover,  
And the wild bee murmurs o'er you,  
And the mellow air of autumn  
Would be poorer far without you;  
But you bear no grain for grinding,  
And we cannot live upon you,  
Cannot live on scented honey,  
Cannot eat the leaf and blossom!

## "IN PAWN."

"Go, child, go. I must have drink. I must! I must!"  
"But, father, there is nothing left to pawn; everything is gone."  
"No, child, no; not everything. The picture, Go. I must have drink. I must! I must!"  
Bessie threw herself before her father in an agony of grief, crying:  
"Not that, father; no, no, not that. It is all I have that belongs to my mother, and—oh! I would rather die than part with it."  
"Stuff and nonsense, child. It's worth money, and money will buy drink. Don't let it go too cheap; it's worth money, I say. Yes," he laughed, "it's worth money. I had it taken and set in the gold when I didn't know the good of drink. Go," he said, sternly, "and no more of this foolishness."  
"I cannot pawn the locket," she said, decidedly, as she rose and turned away.  
"Then steal the money, but bring me the pawn ticket and begone, or I'll dash my brains out."  
Bessie stood still a moment, and then, turning to him with the tears in her eyes, said:  
"Will you kiss me before I go, father?"  
"No, no; wait till you bring the drink. Go!" and he motioned her away with his hand.  
A few moments later Bessie was standing by the counter of the pawnbroker's shop, her eyes dry, but her little face showing traces of terrible suffering.  
David Downs was listening unmoved to a story of wretchedness and misery, but though he was pronounced by all who knew him harsh and cruel, there was a soft spot in his heart, and that soft spot had more than once been unconsciously touched by Bessie; and yet it was still the harsh voice that turned to him when they were alone and said:  
"Well, what now?"  
She handed him the locket and asked:  
"How much would you give on this?"  
He examined it carefully, looked hard at the likeness, and then said:  
"I might—yes, I think I could—lend you ten dollars on that. Wouldn't that keep him in drink some time?" and he chuckled and turned away with the locket.  
"Please, Mr. Downs," said Bessie, "I don't want you to keep it."  
"What, do you want more than that?" he asked, sharply.  
"No," said Bessie, looking up at him, "but I want to know if you won't give it to me, and I'd like to see it again. Oh! please do, Mr. Downs."  
It was curious to notice the expression on the man's face. For a moment he looked at the child as though he were turned to stone, and then he took out his colored handkerchief and blew his nose very hard.  
"If I understand aright," he said, "when he again looked down on her, 'you wish to put yourself in pawn.'"  
"Yes, please, Mr. Downs."  
"H'm! I never did such a thing, but if you wish it very much—if you would rather do that than have me keep this—"  
"Yes, yes," she said, holding out her hand for the locket, "I can't give that up. It's my mother's."  
"Well, returning the locket, 'if I agree to put you in pawn, you must let me take the money for you. You know you can't go back then.'"

Bessie choked back a sob as she took the locket, but she said nothing as she saw the money counted and the ticket prepared.  
"You can sit down and keep an eye on the place till I come back. If any one comes they can wait."  
Bessie lingered to say something as David Downs went out, but the words seemed to stick in her throat, and he dared not say more lest he should be harsh and cruel, for his impulse was to do or say something violent. He made a long circuit and walked rapidly to work off his feelings before he ventured into the presence of Alfred Holmes, for, though he was accustomed to heartrending scenes, he had never been so moved as now.

"Well, Holmes," he said, as he entered the drear and desolate apartment, "I suppose there is nothing left now for me to have. I—"  
"H'm! What business is that of yours? Is the child coming with the drink?"  
"No, I have brought you the money and the pawn ticket. See; this will last some time, and he counted out the money as his companion's dull eyes brightened.  
"H'm! I told her it was worth something. Why don't she come with the drink? I'm burning up and must have it."  
"How much do you want? I will get it for you. Your child can't come."  
"Yes; get the drink. But where is the child?"  
"If you look at that card you'll see where the child is. She's in pawn."  
"H'm," said his companion, looking at him in a dazed way.  
"Do you understand me?" said David Downs, growing excited; "the child is in pawn, and you have put her there. Yes, wretched being that you are! She would do sooner than give up what you wished her to. So she has done the next thing to it—she has put herself in pawn. You will have to sell your soul next. I am going for the drink," and before his companion could say anything he had left him.

When, a few moments later, he returned, Alfred Holmes was crouching in a corner, his whole body shaking as though he had a chill. David Downs handed him the drink without a word, but, instead of raising it to his lips, he put it down on the floor in such a way that it slowly spread itself around and about him, as he held out the pawn ticket and the money, saying:  
"You can send the child back. I want her."  
"What for? To lead the life she has led lately? No; it is too late for that. See; the money is not all here, for I have spent some for that miserable stuff you hold so dear."  
"You must send your child for," said the wretched man, "I will do anything you ask me if you'll only send her back. In pawn in pawn!"

He half rose as he spoke, and trembled more and more as he tried to catch hold of the pawnbroker, who only looked down on him with a frown, saying:  
"It is too late, I tell you. I cannot send her back now, and you need never come to claim her till you can bring proofs that you can support her happily. Good-bye, Alfred Holmes. You need not come to my place for your child now, as you will not find her."  
Before he could get out of the room a white figure sprang toward him, and taking him by the arm, said excitedly:  
"My child! my child! Send her back, I have got the shivers!" and looking about him and speaking as though he were afraid of being heard, he added:  
"I am afraid to stay alone."  
"There," said David Downs, shaking him off; "I will send some one to stay with you; but you cannot have your child."  
For the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant the establishment of the pawnbroker was closed for a whole afternoon. Indeed, David Downs could attend to no business until he had taken Bessie to the home he had in his own mind chosen for her. He left her with a kind, motherly woman, who soon made her open her heart, and heart and take in the love and sympathy for want of which it was starving.

For three years Bessie heard nothing of her father, save that he was alive, for whatever else David Downs knew of him he kept to himself; but at the end of that time a stranger presented himself to her who told her he could give her some tidings of her father if she cared to hear them.  
An eager though sad look came into her face as she turned to ask the question she almost feared to put, but there was something in the face that looked down at her so longingly that made her, in spite of the snow-white hair, throw herself into the stranger's arms crying excitedly:  
"Father! Oh, father!"  
"Bessie," said Alfred Holmes, later in the day, handing her a roll of money, "there is the money."  
Bessie knew what money he meant but looked up simply and asked: "Have you the ticket?"  
"No, David Downs has it."  
"Then—then I am not—"  
"No, Bessie, you are not in pawn now, and you can do what you choose with that money."  
"Then, father," said Bessie, putting her arms about his neck, "we will give it to David Downs. He will know how to do good with it better than we."  
"What is it?—my hair?" he asked, as he saw her looking at him curiously.  
"It turned white like this the first month I was alone in the world, Bessie. But you and I must never talk of that time, little girl."

A year later it was rumored that David Downs was fast making a bankrupt of himself and turning his place of business into a charitable institution. Wise ones

shook their heads and said he would soon want a home himself, but there was always one who spoke up when he was near and said:  
"No, no, David Downs shall never want a home nor means of support so long as Alfred Holmes has two strong arms to use in his behalf."—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

## A WESTERN BANKER.

The Railroad Prince—Alexander Mitchell of Milwaukee.

Among the pedestrians on the avenue recently was a short, stout man in the neighborhood of sixty years of age. His face was full, broad and massive. Eyes gray, sharp, keen, under bushy eyebrows. Nose aquiline, mouth large and firm in outline. The face was clean-shaven to the lower line of the heavy jawbone. A shining silk hat was well down upon the head. The round figure was plainly dressed in dark clothes. A dark green coat, upon which gleamed a ruby pin, made the only patches of color in the dark attire of the pedestrian. He carried his fat yellow-gloved hands down in the pockets of his overcoat as he walked stolidly along. This man was Alexander Mitchell of Milwaukee, the President of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road, and the head of one of the richest banks in Milwaukee.

Mr. Mitchell was a member of Congress from 1874 to 1875. He used to have rooms at Wornley's Hotel. At 1000 he used to walk from his \$15,000,000 to the Capitol and return. He is very quiet and unobtrusive. During his first winter few people in Congress knew much more about him than the fact of his being a successful Milwaukee banker. During the great financial debate of the term Mr. Mitchell prepared a speech upon the subject of the wisdom of the resumption of specie payment. Mr. Mitchell was a very modest man, and as no one paid much attention to him in the House he did not expect to have many listeners for his speech. One of his friends who heard he was going to make a speech thought he would prepare a surprise for him. The friend went to the office of the Washington Chronicle and had a paragraph printed merely giving the amount of Mr. Mitchell's wealth. Then he went up in the reporter's gallery and pointed out Mr. Mitchell as one of the great financiers of the West.

Nothing attracts so much attention as a reputation for enormous wealth. In a few days Mitchell became one of the celebrities of the House. When the millionaire finally arose to talk, if every word was couched into a gold dollar he could not have had more profound attention. Mr. Mitchell arrived here last week from Florida, where his wife has a great orange plantation. He came here in a private palace car. He was accompanied by his son and heir, John Mitchell, a swarthy-bearded man of forty-five. Mr. Mitchell came to this country a poor Scotch lad and made a great fortune. One may think he owes his wealth to the great opportunities he found here. It is doubtful.

A school friend of his who remained in Glasgow is worth forty millions, and he, too, started poor. Such men as Mitchell cannot help getting rich. Several years ago Mitchell went to Europe. In France he met his old school friend, the Glasgow banker. The two went about together all day. At the close of the day, when the two sat down to dinner, the Glasgow banker pulled out a card, and turning to Mitchell said:  
"Sandy, you owe me \$1.65."

This was Sandy's share of the expense of the day, and he promptly paid his share to the exact penny, as a matter of course. This rigid exactness in the smallest of expenditures is one of the common elements in the character of these two very rich men. Yet, with all this exactness and care, no one has ever dreamed of calling Mitchell stingy or close.—*Washington Sunday Herald.*

## A War Story.

The recent presentation to a G. A. R. Post of a button cut from the coat of Colonel Fletcher Webster on the field of the second battle of Bull Run, calls to mind an interesting incident connected with that officer's death. It is told by a soldier of Colonel Webster's regiment, who was wounded and lay on the field near his commander. After Colonel Webster was dead, some Confederate soldiers came along, took his watch and pocket-book and stripped off his uniform. Then a Confederate General rode up, and seeing the eagle on the shoulder strap of the Colonel's coat, inquired who that Colonel was. He was told that it was Colonel Webster of the 12th Massachusetts. He then inquired if he was any relative of Daniel Webster. The wounded soldier replied that he was his son. The General turned to the soldiers and told them to give him the watch and pocket-book, and said that he would see that they were sent to the Colonel's family. He also ordered them to put the uniform back on Colonel Webster just as they found it. In addition to this he had a sentinel posted to guard the body. The next afternoon, after the battle, a long line of ambulances wagons went out from Centerville to the battle-field, under a flag of truce, after the wounded, and brought off Colonel Webster's body.

## Can Spelt a Needle.

Charles Somerville, a machinist employed in the lock works at Stamford, Conn., is an expert in his business that he can cut an ordinary sewing-machine needle in two lengthwise, drill a hole through each half, and then fasten them together so accurately that the place where it was separated cannot be seen.

## To Know How to Wait is the Great Secret of Success.

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## What They Do Not Say.

"Your father must be worth at least a million, and you would enable me to go through life in a style I could never hope for without you. I do not love you, it is true, but—oh, cannot expect everything. So let us marry. If your father fails I can crawl out of it somehow. She—Very well! You will never amount to anything, but you are good enough as far as you go. I have trifled with so many men that most of them hate me, and I may not get a better offer. If I do I can break the engagement."—*Life.*

## Applying Manures.

It has been a common practice among farmers to apply manure in the hill for most food crops, although at the present time the tendency seems to be toward a more even distribution throughout the soil. It was thought by applying the manure in the hill the greatest amount of plant food would be available for the crop then put under cultivation, since the plant would not be obliged to send out its roots at a long distance after its supply, and thus exhaust itself in root growth.

My theory is, and has been, that this is not a fact, but the greatest results are obtained by an even distribution of manure to the soil, and the experience of farmers confirms my views.

If manures are applied in the hill in its decomposition, it comes in contact with but a small portion of the soil. Now, the mineral elements of the plant that come from the soil are mainly in an insoluble condition, but by the decomposition of the manures applied those particles which come in contact with the decomposing manure are decomposed and brought into a soluble form for the plant, so that the greater number of particles of these elements which can be brought in contact with the manure the greater will be the supply of these elements in a soluble form. Hence, by an even distribution throughout the soil, this being true, the greater will be the amount of valuable plant food.

One object in having the manure in the hill, they say, was to give the plant an early start. Let us examine a little further into this part of the subject, and see if it gives the best results throughout the season. None doubt but what it gives the early start to the plant, and thus far the result is good, but does the growth continue as well until its maturity as in case of an even distribution throughout the surface soil (by surface soil I mean to a depth of from six to twelve inches, according to its nature)?

Now, when the manure is all in the hill and the greater portion of the roots only push themselves into this place, as has been found by actual experiments with plants in jars and the fertilizers placed in different parts; and here they send out an innumerable network of fibrous roots, which at once begin the absorption of the plant food found in the manure, and of the mineral elements which are in juxtaposition and in a soluble form, but as only those particles which come in contact with the manure are in any great extent made soluble, the supply is soon exhausted, and although the plant may continue to grow and mature, yet it certainly will show the need of these mineral elements, and its yield cannot be as great as though they were supplied.

Only the new and growing portions of the roots absorb nutriment to any appreciable extent, and many of these roots become useless in absorption before the plant food surrounding them is all absorbed; still the new roots may push themselves into the same region, but they find only the plant food which the manure contained; and had the manure been evenly distributed, the roots would have taken up the plant food as well as the time the roots become non-absorptive the available plant food has become absorbed, and the new growth is ready to take up the plant food as it advances through the earth. So again we see here the necessity of an even distribution throughout the soil.

Another great evil we find arising from placing the manure in the hills is the lack of a proper supply of water, especially in times of drought. We see that the roots have penetrated but a short distance into the soil, so that when the weather comes and the supply is cut off, the great mass of its roots being so near the surface, and if the drought continues the roots have not sufficient moisture to enable them to penetrate below the dry stratum.

Now, had the manure been properly distributed, the roots would have been found deep in the soil at the beginning of the drought, and as they felt the need of more moisture, would have begun to penetrate deeper into the earth if a more abundant supply before the supply in their strata had become exhausted, and thus would have survived the drought. And once more we see a great need for a thorough distribution of manures.

Then, to sum up the advantages to be derived by an even distribution of manures through the soil, we have:  
First—By an even distribution of well-pulverized manures it is brought in contact with the greater number of particles of soil possible, and in its decomposition it converts a large amount of insoluble mineral elements into soluble elements ready and necessary for the greatest growth and maturity of the plant.

Second—The roots penetrate into the soil more thoroughly, and thus secure a greater supply of the necessary plant food, and hold the plant much firmer.

Third—The roots have penetrated below the surface soil, and are not so severely affected by drought.—*Draco in Maine Farmer.*

## THE LATE PETER COOPER.

A FEW INCIDENTS IN HIS CAREER.

How he Tried to Live a Useful Life, and the Results as he Gives it to us.

The late Peter Cooper was born in New York City February 12, 1791. His maternal grandfather, John Campbell, was Deputy Quartermaster General during the war of the Revolution, and expended a considerable fortune in the service of his country. His father was a lieutenant in the army in the struggle for independence. After the close of the war he established a hat factory in which he engaged his son. He finally engaged in the manufacture of cabinets, and then engaged in the grocery business, and finally in the manufacture of shoes and gloves, which he has carried on more than forty years. He was successful in all these enterprises, and he largely attributed this success to the rule of never incurring debt and never having interest to pay.

Mr. Cooper's name is identified with the early history of some of the most notable inventions and improvements of the past one hundred years. While in Baltimore, he built, after his own design, a small locomotive engine turned out on this continent, and it was operated successfully on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He invested a large capital in the extension of the electric telegraph. Mr. Cooper served in both the war of the Revolution and in the war of 1812. He was a member of the Common Council of New York City and among other measures which he advocated was the building of the Croton Aqueduct, regarded as a national enterprise.

Convinced that the common school system could not supply a technological education, he determined to establish in his native city an institution in which the working classes could secure that in education which he sought in vain when he was young and ambitious, and the result was the noble "Union for the Advancement of Science and Art," commonly called the Cooper Institute, covering the block at Seventh and Eighth streets, Third and Fourth avenues. The cost of this (including interest on the outlay, which he would have received on an ordinary investment) was about \$2,000,000, to which he added an endowment of \$150,000 in cash, and other gifts. This building is devoted by a deed of trust with all its rents, issues and profits to the instruction, elevation of the working classes of New York City. For years the expenses of this institution have exceeded \$50,000 annually. The magnificence of this gift, the method by which it was obtained, and the rich results, are too well known to demand elaborate details. Thousands and thousands of men, to-day rise up and call Peter Cooper blessed.

## MR. COOPER'S WIFE AND FAMILY.

Peter Cooper married Miss Sarah Bedell, of Hempstead, L. I., in December, 1818, being then twenty-two years old, and his wife in her twenty-first year. They had six children, four of whom are still living. The two surviving children are Edward Cooper, of the firm of Cooper & Hewitt, merchants in New York City; and Mrs. Sarah Amelia Hewitt, wife of the Hon. A. S. Hewitt, formerly of Congress, who died in the seventy-seventh year of her age and on the fifty-fifth anniversary of her wedding day, December, 1869. Mr. Cooper never spoke of his wife without tears in his eyes. He was a devoted husband, and his wife was a devoted wife. He was a man of great energy and business ability, and he was a man of great kindness and generosity. He was a man of great faith and religion, and he was a man of great courage and determination. He was a man of great honor and integrity, and he was a man of great wisdom and foresight. He was a man of great love and compassion, and he was a man of great strength and endurance. He was a man of great faith and religion, and he was a man of great courage and determination. He was a man of great honor and integrity, and he was a man of great wisdom and foresight. He was a man of great love and compassion, and he was a man of great strength and endurance.

## THE DANGER FROM "BUNCO" MEN.

The members of the New York East Conference were astounded by the announcement made from the platform that confidence men had attempted to practice their wiles on one of their number. The confidence men accosted several of the ministers in the street as old acquaintances, and succeeded finally in obtaining the name of a Long Island pastor, representing himself to be a brother-in-law of the presiding elder in the minister's district. He wore an expression of much distress, and on being questioned by the pastor as to the cause, said that he had come to the city to attend the Conference and to make certain purchases, but discovered to his surprise that he was short of funds, having left his ready cash at home in a pocket of another coat which he had nothing with him but a check for \$75.

The sympathy of the clergyman was so genuine that the brother-in-law was induced to ask him to cash the check or to advance him such money as was convenient and retain the check as security. In the liberality of his heart the minister readily assented to the proposal, pleased to render assistance to a friend in need. On second thought he asked the brother-in-law to accompany him to the church where he was satisfied, he could assist him in procuring the whole amount of the check, which was a larger sum than the minister was in the habit of carrying with him. But before the church was reached the applicant formed an excuse to step around a corner, and the pastor waited in vain for him to make his reappearance.

Further inquiry resulted in the discovery that the presiding Elder in question had no brother answering to the description given, and the unsuspecting minister then became aware of his narrow escape.

The Rev. Dr. Buckley, Editor of the Christian Advocate, was informed of the particulars, and being familiar, as a New Yorker, with the tricks of the metropolis, he announced to the Conference that the confidence man was abroad. He said that as even the asthetic Wilde had been taken in by them, the godly must beware.

Brown struck an icy place in the sidewalk, and down he went all in a heap. A gentleman stepped up and helped Brown to his feet, politely remarking, "It is quite slippery, sir." Brown was so mad he forgot to return thanks. "What in thunder did he want to tell me it was slippery for?" soliloquized Brown. "Don't the fool suppose I knew that before he told me?"—*Boston Transcript.*

## THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO LAUGH OVER THIS WEEK.

Peck's Bad Boy Again—An Aristocratic Dog—A Deput John—Hints to Pianists, Etc., Etc.

## PECK'S BAD BOY AGAIN.

The plan of the Cooper Institute which Peter Cooper built in New York City, is modeled on that of the Polytechnic School of Paris, and is intended to open to the poor of New York City a way for acquiring a scientific education. Day and evening schools have been maintained for eight months during each year, and more than five thousand pupils have already been taught the rudiments of science and art. In addition to this the Professor employed by the Institute have delivered in the lecture rooms free discourses on natural philosophy, chemistry, English literature, rhetoric and elocution, and in the lecture hall, which seats eighteen hundred and ninety-six persons and has standing-room for five hundred more, free lectures have been delivered every Saturday evening during the winter months. There are now more than two thousand students in the evening schools of science and art, most of whom are young men and women whose ambition it is to become producers. Exceeding in the classes, as thorough an education can be obtained at the Institute free, as can be gained in any college in the land, the full course of study being five years.

Among the principal features of the Institute is a School of Art of the highest character, which is a Museum of Mechanics and Natural Science, which has proved of incalculable benefit to the students in this great charity. Very lately the Inventors' Institute has been established in the Union Building, which is a permanent exhibition of useful inventions, open to the public free; and within ten days Mr. Cooper established a typewriting school in the Institute. Some idea of the great amount of good done by this noble institution can be gained from the work done during the year ending May last. During that time three thousand three hundred and thirty-four pupils passed through the different classes.

## HIS SIMPLE MANNERS.

Mr. Cooper was fond of writing letters to the public prints to present his views; and, because of his sincerity, he always received a free and respectful notice in the papers. He was a man of simple manners. To the last he did not know the distinctions that money and position make among human kind. And of this perhaps a better illustration could be found than in the case of Mr. Cooper. In his daughter's home, his birthday party was made significant by the conferring on him of the degree of LL. D. by the University of New York, and when, as he familiarly remarked, "the Latin on the sheepskin was all Greek to him."

## PETER COOPER.

Give honor and love forevermore  
To this great man gone to rest;  
Peace on the dim Phrygian shores,  
Best of the land of the West.

I reckon him greater than any man  
That ever lived or ever will;  
I reckon him nobler than king or khan,  
Braver and better by far.

And wisdom to his mind was wide  
Of heart and hand and deed;  
For all you can hold in your mind dead hand  
I swear you have given away.

So, whether to wander the stars or to rest  
In heaven and dwell;  
He gave with a zeal and he gave his best  
And deserves the best to come.

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## PECK'S BAD BOY AGAIN.

The plan of the Cooper Institute which Peter Cooper built in New York City, is modeled on that of the Polytechnic School of Paris, and is intended to open to the poor of New York City a way for acquiring a scientific education. Day and evening schools have been maintained for eight months during each year, and more than five thousand pupils have already been taught the rudiments of science and art. In addition to this the Professor employed by the Institute have delivered in the lecture rooms free discourses on natural philosophy, chemistry, English literature, rhetoric and elocution, and in the lecture hall, which seats eighteen hundred and ninety-six persons and has standing-room for five hundred more, free lectures have been delivered every Saturday evening during the winter months. There are now more than two thousand students in the evening schools of science and art, most of whom are young men and women whose ambition it is to become producers. Exceeding in the classes, as thorough an education can be obtained at the Institute free, as can be gained in any college in the land, the full course of study being five years.

Among the principal features of the Institute is a School of Art of the highest character, which is a Museum of Mechanics and Natural Science, which has proved of incalculable benefit to the students in this great charity. Very lately the Inventors' Institute has been established in the Union Building, which is a permanent exhibition of useful inventions, open to the public free; and within ten days Mr. Cooper established a typewriting school in the Institute. Some idea of the great amount of good done by this noble institution can be gained from the work done during the year ending May last. During that time three thousand three hundred and thirty-four pupils passed through the different classes.

## HIS SIMPLE MANNERS.

Mr. Cooper was fond of writing letters to the public prints to present his views; and, because of his sincerity, he always received a free and respectful notice in the papers. He was a man of simple manners. To the last he did not know the distinctions that money and position make among human kind. And of this perhaps a better illustration could be found than in the case of Mr. Cooper. In his daughter's home, his birthday party was made significant by the conferring on him of the degree of LL. D. by the University of New York, and when, as he familiarly remarked, "the Latin on the sheepskin was all Greek to him."

## THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO LAUGH OVER THIS WEEK.

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## PETER COOPER.

Give honor and love forevermore  
To this great man gone to rest;  
Peace on the dim Phrygian shores,  
Best of the land of the West.

I reckon him greater than any man  
That ever lived or ever will;  
I reckon him nobler than king or khan,  
Braver and better by far.

And wisdom to his mind was wide  
Of heart and hand and deed;  
For all you can hold in your mind dead hand  
I swear you have given away.

So, whether to wander the stars or to rest  
In heaven and dwell;  
He gave with a zeal and he gave his best  
And deserves the best to come.

## THE DANGER FROM "BUNCO" MEN.

The members of the New York East Conference were astounded by the announcement made from the platform that confidence men had attempted to practice their wiles on one of their number. The confidence men accosted several of the ministers in the street as old acquaintances, and succeeded finally in obtaining the name of a Long Island pastor, representing himself to be a











